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Heart's ease for the weary
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HEART'S EASE

FOR THE

WEARY AND WORN.

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Come and See.

THERE is nothing will make you a Christian indeed, but a taste of the sweetness of Christ: come and see, will speak best to your soul. I would fain hope good of you; be not discouraged at broken and spilt resolutions, but to it, and to it again.

Just as I am,—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
With fears within, and foes without,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Come now, and let us reason together,
saith the Lord: though your sins be as
scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;
though they be red like crimson, they
shall be as wool.—ISA. i. 18.

Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: his going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth.—HOSEA v. 3.

My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thy heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.—PROV. ii. 1-5.

Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life.—JOHN v. 40.

These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the

word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.—ACTS xvii. 11.

Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.—REV. iii. 8.

Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They said unto him, Rabbi, (which is to say, being interpreted, Master,) where dwellest thou? He saith unto them, COME AND SEE.—JOHN i. 38, 39.

All Things are Yours.

I HAVE neither tongue nor pen to express to you the happiness of such as are in Christ; when ye have sold all that ye have, and bought the field wherein this treasure is, ye will think it no bad market; for, if ye be in him, all his is yours, and ye are in him: "therefore because he liveth ye shall live also." (John xiv. 19.) And what is that else but as if the Son had said, "I will not have heaven except my redeemed ones be with me; they and I cannot live asunder; abide in me

and I in you." (John xv. 5.) Oh, sweet communion, when Christ and we are through other, and are no longer two! "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." Amen! dear Jesus, let it be according to that word. I wonder that ever your hearts should be casten down, if ye believe this truth.

Pass away, earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine!
Break, every mortal tie,
 Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Distant the resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless!
 Jesus is mine!

Tempt not my soul away,
 Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
 Jesus is mine!

Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away ;
Jesus is mine !

Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Jesus is mine !
Mine is a dawning bright,
Jesus is mine !
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void ;
Jesus has satisfied ;
Jesus is mine !

Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine !
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine !
Welcome a Saviour's breast,
Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest !
Jesus is mine !

Father, I will that they also, whom
thou hast given me, be with me where I
am ; that they may behold my glory,
which thou hast given me.—JOHN xvii. 24.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—REV. vii. 14–17.

The Rock of Ages.

LET me be a sinner, and worse than the chief of sinners,—yea, a guilty devil,—I am sure that my well-beloved is God; and when I say that Christ is God, and that my Christ is God, I have said all things,—I can say no more.

I would I could lay as much on this, “my Christ is God,” as it would bear: I might lay all the world upon it. I am sure, that Christ untried, and untaken up in the power of his love, kindness, mercies, goodness, wisdom, long-

suffering, and greatness, is the rock that dim-sighted travellers dash their foot against, and so stumble fearfully.

Saviour, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary, troubled spirit
Now finds rest in thee, my God.
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin and hell no more molest me
While I feel my Saviour nigh.

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises through the sky.
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the Father give;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises, all that live.

Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That, if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same.

He that asketh still receiveth ;
He that seeks is sure to find ;
Whosoe'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glorious Christ of heavenly birth ;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises through the earth.
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the Spirit be ;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
To the sacred One in Three.

Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father and our God,
And for us is interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.
Now methinks I hear him praying :—
“ Father, save them ! I have died ;’
And the Father answers, saying,
They are freely justified.

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Worthy is the Lamb of God ;
Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Who hath washed us in his blood.

Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Holy is the Lord of hosts;
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.—JOHN i. 29.

Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.—1 COR. i. 30.

Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.—2 COR. ix. 15.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.—REV. v. 9.

Now.

THERE is no depending on what is yet to come; for you “know not what a day may bring forth.” Therefore, live to-day: lose not an hour; use this moment, for it is your portion. “Who knoweth the things which have been before him, or which shall be after him under the sun?” The generations that were from the beginning of the world, where are they now? Fled away,—forgotten. They *were*,—they lived their day: they were shook off from the earth as leaves from off their trees. Another and an-

other succeeded: then they "followed the generation of their fathers, and shall never more see the light." Now is thy turn upon the earth. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth." Enjoy the very, very now, by enjoying Him "whose years fail not." Now let thine eye be singly fixed on Him "in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Now give Him thy heart; now stay thyself on Him: now be thou holy, as He is holy. Now lay hold of the blessed opportunity of doing His acceptable and perfect will. Now "rejoice to suffer the loss of all things, so thou mayest win Christ."

Here am I, Lord! thou callest me:
Thou drawest me; I follow thee.

Soul and heart are thine alone ;
O my Shepherd, take thine own !

I have oft thy call disdained ;
I am late,—my day has waned !
Yet it is my joy that thou
Callest me, poor sinner ! now.

Yes, I dare no more delay,
I will follow thee to-day.
To thy glorious mercy-seat
Now I come with trembling feet.

Lord, the case is now with me
As with Peter on the sea.
Ah, reach out thy mighty hand !
Hold me up, and bring to land.

Thou didst call me : now call I,—
O my Saviour, come thou nigh !
Sin doth bind me, fear distress ;
Save me with thy righteousness.

Make my weakness strong in thee,
Let thy strength my power be ;
I'll follow, till my latest breath,
Through flood and fire, grief and death.

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—MATT. vi. 27.

Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace.—2 PET. iii. 11-14.

The Haven of Rest.

THEY love the sea too well, who complain of a fair wind and a desirable tide and a speedy coming ashore,—especially a coming ashore in that land where all the inhabitants have everlasting joy upon their heads. Ye cannot be too early in heaven.

I journey forth rejoicing,
From this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly bonds and fears,
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit.
Good night, till then !

Go to thy quiet resting,
 Poor tenement of clay !
From all thy pain and weakness
 I gladly haste away ;
But still in faith confiding
 To find thee yet again,
All glorious and immortal.
 Good night, till then !

Why thus so sadly weeping,
 Beloved ones of my heart ?
The Lord is good and gracious,
 Though now he bids us part.
Oft have we met in gladness,
 And we shall meet again,
All sorrow left behind us.
 Good night, till then !

I go to see His glory
 Whom we have loved below ;
I go, the blessed angels,
 The holy saints, to know.
Our lovely ones departed
 I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us.
 Good night, till then !

I hear the Saviour calling,—
The joyful hour has come ;
The angel-guards are ready
To guide me to our home,
Where Christ the Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit.
Good night, till then !

He will swallow up death in victory ;
and the Lord God will wipe away tears
from off all faces ; and the rebuke of his
people shall he take away from off all the
earth : for the Lord hath spoken it.—ISA.
xxv. 8.

I will ransom them from the power of
the grave ; I will redeem them from
death : O death, I will be thy plagues ; O
grave, I will be thy destruction.—HOSEA
xiii. 14.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed
is death.—1 COR. xv. 26.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.—1 COR. xv. 54.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.—REV. xxi. 4.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.—REV. xxii. 14.

With you alway.

CHRIST and his cross are not separable in this life: howbeit Christ and his cross part at heaven's door; for there is no house-room for crosses in heaven. One tear, one sigh, one sad heart, one fear, one loss, one thought of trouble, cannot find lodging there: they are but the marks of our Lord Jesus down in this wide inn and stormy country, on this side of death. Sorrow and the saints are not married together,—or, suppose it were so, heaven would make a divorce. I find his sweet presence

eateth out the bitterness of sorrow and suffering. I think it a sweet thing that Christ saith of my cross, Half mine; and that he divideth these sufferings with me, and taketh the largest share himself,—nay, that I and my cross are wholly Christ's. O what a portion is Christ! O that the saints would dig deeper in the treasures of his wisdom and excellency!

O eyes that are weary,
And hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus,
And sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance
Shineth so bright,
That on earth, as in heaven,
There need be no night.

“Looking off unto Jesus,”
My eyes cannot see

The troubles and dangers
That throng about me :
They cannot be blinded
With sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadowed
With unbelief-fears.

Looking off unto Jesus,
My spirit is blest,—
In the world I have turmoil —
In him I have rest.
The sea of my life
All about me may roar ;
When I look unto Jesus,
I hear it no more.

Looking off unto Jesus,
I go not astray ;
My eyes are on him,
And he shows me the way.
The path may seem dark
As he leads me along,
But following Jesus,
I cannot go wrong.

Looking off unto Jesus,
My heart cannot fear ;

Its trembling is still
When I see Jesus near :
I know that his power
My safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?"
He saith unto me.

Looking off unto Jesus
Oh may I be found
When the waters of Jordan
Encompass me round :
Let them bear me away
In his presence to be !
'Tis but seeing Him nearer
Whom always I see.

Then, then, I shall know
The full beauty and grace
Of Jesus my Lord,
When I stand face to face :
I shall know how his love
Went before me each day,
And wonder that ever
My eyes turned away.

Be of good cheer ; it is I ; be not afraid.
—MATT. xiv. 27.

The Foot of the Cross.

NOW I saw in my dream, that the highway, up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run; but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came to a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the Cross, his burden

loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the Sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and light-some, and said, with a merry heart, "He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death." Then he stood still a while, to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the Cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even until the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,

And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

Deliver him from going down to the pit:
I have found a ransom.—JOB xxxiii. 24.

They that trust in their wealth, and
boast themselves in the multitude of their
riches; none of them can by any means
redeem his brother, nor give to God a
ransom for him.—PS. xlix. 6, 7.

The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.—MATT. xx. 28.

And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain.—REV. v. 6.

It is Well.

WHEN ye are come to the other side of the water, and have set down your foot on the shore of glorious eternity, and look back again to the waters and to your wearisome journey, and shall see, in that clear glass of endless glory, nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, ye shall then be forced to say, "If God had done otherwise with me than he hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this crown of glory." It is your part now to believe and suffer and hope and wait on; for I protest, in

the presence of that all-discerning Eye who knoweth what I write and what I think, that I would not want the sweet experience of the consolations of God for all the bitterness of affliction: nay, whether God come to his children with a rod or a crown, if he come himself with it, it is well. Welcome, welcome, Jesus, what way soever thou come, if we can get a sight of thee! And sure I am, it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bedside and draw by the curtains, and say, "Courage, I am thy salvation," than to enjoy health, being lusty and strong, and never be visited of God. In the strength of Christ, fight and overcome.

'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,

But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss :
Trials must and will befall,—
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil :
Trials make the promise sweet,—
Trials give new life to prayer,—
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisements by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway ?
Bastards may escape the rod,—
Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

The Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.—DEUT. xxxj. 6.

With us is the Lord our God, to help us, and to fight our battles.—2 CHRON. xxxii. 8.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—PS. xxvii. 1.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.—ISA. xli. 10.

Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.—ISA. xliii. 1.

Peace.

WEARY not, but come in, and see if there be not more in Christ than the tongue of men and angels can express. If ye seek a way to heaven, the way is in him, or he is it. What ye want is treasured up in Jesus; and he saith all his are yours,—even his kingdom, he is content to divide it betwixt him and you; yea, his throne and his glory. And therefore take pains to climb up that besieged house to Christ; for men and devils, and armies of tempt-

ations, are lying about the house, to hold out all that are out.

My Jesus the sinner receives,
O tell the glad news from on high
To each who the righteous way leaves,
In the broad road of ruin to die.
Salvation is here ;
O sinner, draw near ;
For Jesus the sinner receives.

We are none of us worthy his grace ;
But he in his word hath made known
The pity that shines in his face,
And life's open door-way hath shown.
His blood paved the way,
And enter we may ;
For Jesus the sinner receives.

O troubled in spirit, come here,
All ye who are mourning for sin ;
My Jesus bids each one draw near,
No matter how far off they've been.
Think on it, believing,
Then cease from thy grieving ;
For Jesus the sinner receives.

So, when a poor sheep is astray,
The good shepherd leaveth the rest,
And seeks on the mountains all day,
And bringeth it home on his breast.
With such gentle leading,
With such tender pleading,
My Jesus the sinner receives.

I, weary and trembling, come here,
And lay all my sins at his feet;
My Lord, let thy pity appear,
And let thy forgiveness be sweet.
This word heals my breast,
My heart findeth rest
For Jesus the sinner receives.

My soul now in Jesus doth live,
And who shall condemn in that day?
For He who my sentence must give
Hath borne my transgressions away.
There is no condemnation,
But full, free salvation,
When Jesus the sinner receives.

I know he hath welcomed my soul,
And opened his heaven to me,
That, while endless ages shall roll,
I blessed and near him may be.

So then when I'm dying,
My heart shall be crying
That Jesus the sinner receives.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.—PS. cxlvii. 3.

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.—ISAIAH liii. 5.

They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—MARK ii. 17.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the Father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet.—LUKE xv. 21, 22.

As thou wilt.

I KNOW we may say, Christ is kindest in his love when we are at our weakest, and that if Christ had not been to the fore in our sad days, the waters had gone over our soul. His mercy hath set a period and appointed a place, how far and no farther the sea of affliction shall flow, and where the waves thereof shall be stayed. He prescribeth how much pain and sorrow, both for weight and measure, we must have. Ye have, then, good cause to recall your love from all lovers, and give it to Christ. He who

is afflicted in all your afflictions look-
eth not on you in your sad hours with
an insensible heart or dry eyes.

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
O may thy will be mine !
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
If needy here, and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,—
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of thy word
Let my soul feed upon ;
And if all else should fail—
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
If among thorns I go,
Still, sometimes here and there
Let a few roses blow.

But thou on earth along
The thorny path hast gone ;
Then lead me after thee,—
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
If loved ones must depart,
Suffer not sorrow's flood
To overwhelm my heart.
For they are blest with thee,—
Their race and conflict won :
Let me but follow them.
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
When death itself draws nigh,
To thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly.

Leaning on thee, to go
Where thou before hast gone;
The rest as thou shalt please.
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me:
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

O Lord, thou art my God; I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name; for thou hast done wonderful things; thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth.—ISA. xxv. 1.

The Lord is my strength and my song, and he is become my salvation.—EX. xv. 2.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.—PS. cxxxvi. 1.

True to your Colours.

SERVE Christ,—back him; let his cause be your cause. Give not an hair-breadth of truth away; for it is not yours, but God's. Then, since ye are going, take Christ's testificate with you out of this life:—"Well done, good and faithful servant." His "well done" is worth a shipful of good days and earthly honours.

Firmly, brethren, firmly stand,
All united, heart and hand,—
One unbroken, valiant band,—
Dauntless, brave, and true,

Die in the field of battle,
Die in the field of battle,
Die in the field of battle,
Glory in your view.

Lift your standard,—lift it high,—
Raise the Christian's battle-cry ;
Christ, your glorious leader nigh,
Calls aloud for you.

Once our father-freemen cried,
“Victory *or* death betide!”
But, with Jesus on our side,
Death and victory too!

There to die, the battle won ;
There to fall, the warfare done ;
Glory, brighter than the sun,
Then our promised due.

Glorious thus for Christ to die,
And with Christ to reign on high,—
There with victor hosts to cry,
Christ has brought us through!

Christ, our Captain's name, we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host:

Fall we, then, each at his post,—

Fall, as Christians do.

Die in the field of battle,

Die in the field of battle,

Die in the field of battle,

Glory in your view.

And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—MARK viii. 34.

He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.—MATT. x. 38.

Confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.—ACTS xiv. 22.

I reckon that the sufferings of this pre-

sent time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—ROM. viii. 18.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. If ye are reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye.—1 PET. iv. 12-14.

For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.—HEB. ii. 10.

They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.—HEB. xi. 16.

The Good Physician.

I BELIEVE that when Christ draweth blood, he hath skill to cut the right vein, and that he hath taken the whole ordering and disposing of my sufferings. Let him tutor me, and tutor my crosses, as he thinketh good. There is no danger nor hazard in following such a guide, howbeit he should lead me through hell, if I could put faith foremost and fill the field with a quiet on-waiting and believing to see the salvation of God. I know that Christ is not obliged to let me see both sides of my cross, and turn it over that

I may see all. My faith is richer to live upon credit and Christ's borrowed money, than to have much in hand.

Thousands, O Lord of hosts, this day
Around thine altar meet,
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

They see thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too ;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays :
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For thou art in the midst to teach,
When on thy name they call ;
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,—
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to thee ;

Oh hast thou not a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me?

The dew lies thick on all the ground,—
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,—
Shall I of hunger die?

Behold thy prisoner,—loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will;
If not, contented in thy hands
Behold thy prisoner still.

I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrendered heart.

To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

O make thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up thy countenance benign
On me, and give me peace.

How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.—Ps. xxxvi. 7, 8.

In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.—Ps. lvi. 4.

My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.—Ps. lxii. 5.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.—Ps. civ. 35.

These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.—JOHN xvi. 33.

The Eternal Refuge.

BE content to wade through the waters betwixt you and glory with him, holding his right hand fast; for he knoweth all the fords. Howbeit ye may be ducked, but ye cannot drown, being in his company. And ye may, all the way to glory, see the way bedewed with his blood, who is the forerunner. Be not afraid, therefore, when ye come even to the black and swelling river of death, to put in your foot and wade after him; the current, how strong soever, cannot carry you down the water

to hell. The Son of God, his death and resurrection, are stepping-stones and a stay to you. Set down your feet by faith upon these stones, and go through as on dry land.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly ;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe unto the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, O leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want :
More than all in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee :
Spring thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity.

Sing, O daughter of Zion: shout, O Israel; be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem. The Lord hath taken away thy judgments, he hath cast out thine enemy: the king of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee: thou shalt not see evil any more.
—ZEPH. iii. 14, 15.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—ROM. viii. 35–39.

Step by Step.

GLADLY suffer to-day, for Christ's sake, whatsoever he permits this day to come upon thee. But look not at the sufferings of to-morrow:—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Evil it is, speaking after the manner of men, whether it be reproach or want, pain or sickness. But in the language of God, all is blessing: it is a precious balm prepared by the wisdom of God, and variously dispensed among his children according to the various sicknesses of their souls. And he gives

in one day sufficient for that day,—proportioned to the want and strength of the patient. If, therefore, thou snatchest to-day what belongs to thee to-morrow,—if thou addest this to what is given thee already,—it will be more than thou canst bear: this is not the way to heal, but to destroy, thy own soul. Take, therefore, just as much as he gives thee to-day: to-day do and suffer his will. To-day give up thyself, thy body, soul, and spirit, to God, through Christ Jesus; desiring nothing, but that God may be glorified in all thou art, all thou dost, and all thou sufferest; seeking nothing, but to know God and his Son, Jesus Christ, through the eternal Spirit; pursuing nothing, but to love Him, to serve Him, and to

enjoy Him at this hour and to all eternity!

As God leads me, will I go,
Nor choose my way ;
Let him choose the joy or woe
Of every day.
They cannot hurt my soul,
Because in his control :
I leave to him the whole,—
His children may.

As God leads me, I am still
Within his hand,
Though his purpose my self-will
Doth oft withstand.
Yet I wish that none
But his will be done,
Till the end be won
That he hath planned.

As God leads, I am content ;
He will take care ;
All things by his will are sent
That I must bear.

To him I take my fear
My wishes, while I'm here :—
The way will all seem clear
When I am there.

As God leads me, it is mine
To follow him ;
Soon all shall wonderfully shine
Which now seems dim.
Fulfilled be his decree !
What he shall choose for me,
That shall my portion be,
Up to the brim !

As God leads me, so my heart
In faith shall rest ;
No grief nor fear my soul shall part
From Jesus' breast.
In sweet belief I know,
What way my life doth go,—
Since God permitteth so,—
That must be best.

O my Father, if this cup may not pass
away from me, except I drink it, thy will
be done.—MATT. xxvi. 42.

The King of Glory.

LOVE him dearly; win in to see him; there is that in him which you never saw. He is aye nigh, he is a tree of life, green and blossoming both summer and winter. There is a nick in Christianity, to the which whosoever cometh they see and feel more than others do. I invite you of new to come to him: "Come and see" will speak better things of him than I can do: come nearer, will say much.

I'll not leave Jesus,—never, never!
Ah! what can more precious be?

Rest and joy and light are ever
In his hand to give to me.
All things that can satisfy,
Having Jesus, those have I.

Love has bound me fast unto him,
I am his and he is mine;
Daily I for pardon sue him,
Answers he with peace divine.
On that Rock my trust is laid,
And I rest beneath its shade.

Without Jesus, earth would weary,
Seem almost like hell to be;
But if Jesus I see near me,
Earth is almost heaven to me.
Am I hungry? he doth give
Bread on which my soul can live.

Spent with him, one little hour
Giveth a year's worth of gain;
Grace and peace put forth their power,
Joy doth wholly banish pain.
One faith-glance that findeth him,
Maketh earthly crowns look dim.

O how light upon my shoulder
Lies my cross, now grown so small!

For the Lord is my upholder,
Fits it to me, softens all.
Neither shall it always stay, —
Patience, it will pass away.

Now he leads me wonderfully,
Right and left, through sun and rain ;
Yet I know and trust him truly,
It is always for my gain.
Yes, his wonder-road indeed
Always heavenward doth lead.

Those who faithfully go forward,
In his changeless care shall go ;
Nothing's doubtful or untoward
To the flock who Jesus know.
Jesus always is the same ;
True and faithful is his name.

Blinded world! if ye admire
Earthly trifles, ye are free !
Out of Jesus my desire
Never shall contented be :
I have sworn it in my heart,
I from Jesus will not part.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be

ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.—Ps. xxiv. 7, 8.

This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.—JOHN xvii. 3.

That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him: the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe.—EPH. i. 17-19.

Patience.

I AM persuaded, if every day a stone in the prison walls were broken, and thereby assurance given to the chained prisoner that a hole should be made at length as wide as he might come safely out to his long-desired liberty, he would in patience wait on till time should hole the prison-wall and break his chains. The Lord's hopeful prisoners under their trials are in that case. Years and months will take out now one little stone, then another, of this house of clay, and at length time shall win out the breadth

of a fair door, and send out the imprisoned soul to the free air in heaven. And time shall file off, by little and little, our iron bolts, which are now on legs and arms, and out-date and wear out trouble threadbare and holely, and then wear them to nothing; for what I suffered yesterday, I know, shall never come again to trouble me. O that we could breathe out new hope and new submission every day in Christ's lap!

Jesus, help conquer!
My spirit is sinking,
Deep waters of sorrow go over my head;
Weeping and trembling,
And fearing and shrinking,
I watch for the day, and night cometh instead.
Bitter the cup
I am hourly drinking,—
How thorny the path that I hourly tread!

Jesus, help conquer!
For, fainting and weary,
Scarcely my hands can their weapons sustain;
The way seems so desolate,
Painful, and dreary,—
How shall I ever to heaven attain?
Jesus, great Captain!
If thou be not near me,
How shall I ever the victory gain?

Jesus, help conquer!
Earth holds out her lure,
And mortal affections yearn after the prize:
Scarcely my heart
Can the struggle endure,
Scarce can I lift up my tear-blinded eyes.
Jesus, Redeemer!
Thy promise is sure,—
Speak to my spirit, and bid me arise.

Jesus, help conquer!
There is not an hour
Of sorrow or joy but is ordered by thee;
Thou dost cut down
Who hast planted the flower,—
Tempest or calm at thy bidding shall be.


Look on my sorrow,
And give me the power
Humbly to wait till thou comfortest me.

Jesus, help conquer!
Lord, turn not away!
See with what power the billows increase!
Give me thy love
For my comfort and stay.
Then shall my trembling and murmuring cease.
Then shall my spirit
Grow strong for the fray,—
Then shall my weary heart rest in thy peace.

Jesus, help conquer!
I cry unto thee!
Hardly my heart its petitions can frame:
All is so dark
And so painful to me,
All I can utter, sometimes, is thy name.
Jesus, help conquer!
My portion now be,
Though all else should change, be thou ever the same.

When my spirit was overwhelmed with-
in me, then thou knewest my path.—Ps.
xiv. 2, 3.

The End of the Day.

 WHEN Christ and ye shall meet about the utmost march and borders of time and the entry into eternity, ye shall see heaven in his face at the first look, and salvation and glory sitting in his countenance and between his eyes. Faint not: the miles to heaven are but few and short.

When we shall come home and enter to the possession of our Brother's fair kingdom, and when our heads shall find the weight of the eternal crown of glory,

and when we shall look back to pains and sufferings, then shall we see life and sorrow to be less than one step or stride from a prison to glory; and that our little nick of time-suffering is not worthy of our first night's welcome home to heaven. O what, then, will be the weight of every one of Christ's kisses! O how weighty, and of what worth, shall every one of Christ's love-smiles be!

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest.

No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place;"
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Thine eyes shall see the king in his
beauty: they shall behold the land that
is very far off.—ISA. xxxiii. 17.

Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities: thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes

thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us.—ISA. xxxiii. 20–23.

And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity.—ISA. xxxiii. 24.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one.—JOHN x. 27–30.

The Border Land.

NOW I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over: the river was very deep.

At the sight, therefore, of this river the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said: "You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate."

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate? To which they answered: "Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit,

Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall until the last trumpet shall sound." The pilgrims then (especially Christian) began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found by them, by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men, "if the waters were all of a depth?" They said, "No;" yet they could not help them in that case: "For (said they) you shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place."

Father, into thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these border-lands,
Until thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life, an earlier death ;
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These border-lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades ;
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places,—
Shades, where the living and the dead
Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the border-land,—
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,—

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul : how could I fear
While thus encircled with thine arm ?
I never felt thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer thee ?

Where I may almost see thy face,—
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.

They say the waves are dark and deep,—
That faith hath perished in the river,—
They speak of death with fear, and weep:
Shall my soul perish? Never! never!

I know that thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To thee: I know thou wilt achieve
Its passage on thine outstretched wings.

I cannot see the golden gate
Unfolding yet to welcome me;
I cannot yet anticipate
The joy of heaven's jubilee;

But I will calmly watch and pray
Until I hear my Saviour's voice
Calling my happy soul away
To see his glory and rejoice.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave,
where is thy victory?—1 COR. xv. 55.

An Anchor of the Soul.

BELOVED, what a fearful slighting of God, and contempt of heaven and glory and all the promises, doth this argue, that you can be content to be at uncertainties whether they be yours or not! How many of you there are that do not know whether you be going to heaven or hell! And what desperate carelessness doth this argue, to go on from week to week in such a case! Some hopes you have that you shall do well; but put me not off with hopes. Never be satisfied till you are able to

say, not only, I hope I shall be saved, but, I know I am passed from death to life; I know that "when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, I have a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Jesus, my God, my All in all,
Display thy power, unveil thy face :
Wilt thou not hear when sinners call?
Is not thy reign a reign of grace?

A thousand times my tongue hath said,
"Bought with a price, I'm not my own;"
A thousand times my soul hath fled
And sought relief before thy throne.

But now I grope as in the night;
I can't believe, I dare not trust;
My path is hedged, I see no light;
My hopes are prostrate in the dust.

With fears that all experience past
Has been delusive, false, and vain,

I dread lest, falling short at last,
I never shall the prize obtain.

When to the Cross I wish to fly
And see the blood of sprinkling flow
To Sinai's mount, not Calvary,
A legal spirit bids me go.

Striving to stretch my withered arms,
I fain would give myself away ;
But sins and guilt excite alarms
And check a near approach to thee.

Oh, if already I've believed,
If Christ and I indeed are one,
Then prove thyself my help and shield,
Or let the work be now begun.

Show me a token, Lord, for good,
And let me know that I am thine ;
Dispel my doubts, disperse the cloud,
And on my soul benignant shine.

Now let thy Spirit from above
Bear witness to my troubled heart ;
Now shed abroad my Father's love,
And filial confidence impart.

Call unto me, and I will answer thee ;
and show thee great and mighty things,
which thou knowest not.—JER. xxxiii. 3.

Thus saith the Lord God of Israel ; I
will yet for this be inquired of by the
house of Israel, to do it for them.—EZEK.
xxxvi. 37.

I know whom I have believed, and am
persuaded that he is able to keep that
which I have committed unto him against
that day.—2 TIM. i. 12.

There is no fear in love ; but perfect
love casteth out fear : because fear hath
torment. He that feareth is not made
perfect in love.—1 JOHN iv. 18.

All in Christ.

LAY no more on the creatures than they are able to carry; lay your soul and your weights upon God,—make Him your only, only best beloved. Your errand to this life is to make sure an eternity of glory to your soul, and to match your soul with Christ. Your love, if it were more than all the love of angels in one, is Christ's due: other things, worthy in themselves, in respect of Christ are not worth a windle-straw or a drink of cold water. I doubt not

but in death ye will see all things more distinctly, and that then the world shall bear no more bulk than it is worth, and that then it shall couch and be contracted into nothing, and ye shall see Christ longer, higher, broader, and deeper than ever he was. O blessed conquest! to lose all things, and to gain Christ!

I know not what ye have, if ye want Christ. Alas! how poor is your gain if the earth were all yours in free heritage, holding it of no man of clay, if Christ be not yours! O seek all means, lay all oars in the water, put forth all your power, and bend all your endeavours, to put away and part with all things, that ye may gain and enjoy Christ.

I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood:—
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live:

What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!

Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—REV. iii. 17-20.

The Other Shore.

IF we saw our Father's house, and that great and fair city, the New Jerusalem, which is up above sun and moon, we would cry to be over the water, and to be carried in Christ's arms out of this borrowed prison.

What have ye to do here? This is not your mountain of rest; arise then, and set your foot up the mountain: go up out of the wilderness leaning upon the shoulder of your Beloved. (Cant. viii. 5.) If ye knew the welcome

that abideth you when you come home,
ye would hasten your pace; for ye shall
see your Lord put up his own holy hand
to your face, and wipe all tears from your
eyes; and I trow, then ye shall have
some joy of heart.

To thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And joys have no alloy.
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,—
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop on the wall.
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced,

The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean ;
Thou hast no time, bright day ;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away :
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise the holy tower,—
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And many a martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.—LUKE xii. 35, 36.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.—1 PETER i. 3-5.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.—1 JOHN iii. 2.

Who giveth Liberally.

IF thou wouldest have more of that grace which flows from Christ, why art thou no more with Christ for it? Thy strength is in heaven, and thy life is in heaven; and thence thou must daily fetch it if thou wilt have it. For want of this recourse to heaven, thy soul is as a candle that is not lighted, and thy duties as a sacrifice which hath no fire. Fetch one coal daily from this altar, and see if thy offering will not burn. Light thy candle at this flame, and feed it daily with oil

from thence, and see if it will not gloriously shine. Keep close to this reviving fire, and see if thy affections will not be warm.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
 The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
 The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,—
 The length, the breadth, the height.

God only knows the love of God :
O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor, stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine,—
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.

O that I could, with favoured John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast :
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

My soul followeth hard after thee : thy
right hand upholdeth me.—Ps. lxiii. 8.

I am the Lord thy God, which brought
thee out of the land of Egypt : open thy
mouth wide, and I will fill it.—PSALM
lxxxi. 10.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the
branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except
it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, ex-
cept ye abide in me.—JOHN xv. 4.

Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my
name : ask, and ye shall receive, that your
joy may be full.—JOHN xvi. 24.

And now, little children, abide in him ; that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming.—1 JOHN ii. 28.

Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world ?

Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words : and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.—JOHN xiv. 22, 23.

On the Day.

LET them be careful, during the short time that they are here, to run and get a grip of the prize. Christ is standing at the head of the way, holding up the garland of endless glory to their eyes, and is crying, "Run fast, and come and receive." Happy are they if their breath serve them to run, and not to weary, until the Lord with his own dear hand put the crown upon their head !

It is not long days, but good days, that make the life glorious and happy :

and our dear Lord is gracious to us,
who shorteneth, and hath made the
way to glory shorter than it was: so
that the crown that Noah did fight for
five hundred years, children may now
obtain in ten years and less.

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die,
My soul shall quit the mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest—
That only bliss for which it pants—
In the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain;
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright
Who taste the pleasures there:
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

He shall enter into peace.—ISA. lvii. 2.

His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.—MATT. xxv. 21.

Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.—HEB. iv. 1.

The world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.—1 JOHN ii. 17.

Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy.—REV. iii. 4.

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.—REV. xiv. 13.

Strength that is Perfect.

TO want complaints of weakness is for heaven and angels that never sinned, not for Christians in Christ's camp on the earth.

I think our weakness maketh us the church of the redeemed ones, and Christ's field that the Mediator should labour in.

O how sweet it is for a sinner to put his weakness in Christ's strengthening hand, and to father a sick soul upon such a Physician, and to lay weakness before him, to weep upon him, and to

2 STRENGTH THAT IS PERFECT.

plead and pray ! Weakness can speak
and cry, when we have not a tongue.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee, my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
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My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death !

They cried to God in the battle, and he was entreated of them ; because they put their trust in him.—1 CHRON. v. 20.

We have no might against this great company that cometh against us ; neither know we what to do : but our eyes are upon thee.—2 CHRON. xx. 12.

I waited patiently for the Lord ; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.—Ps. xl. 1.

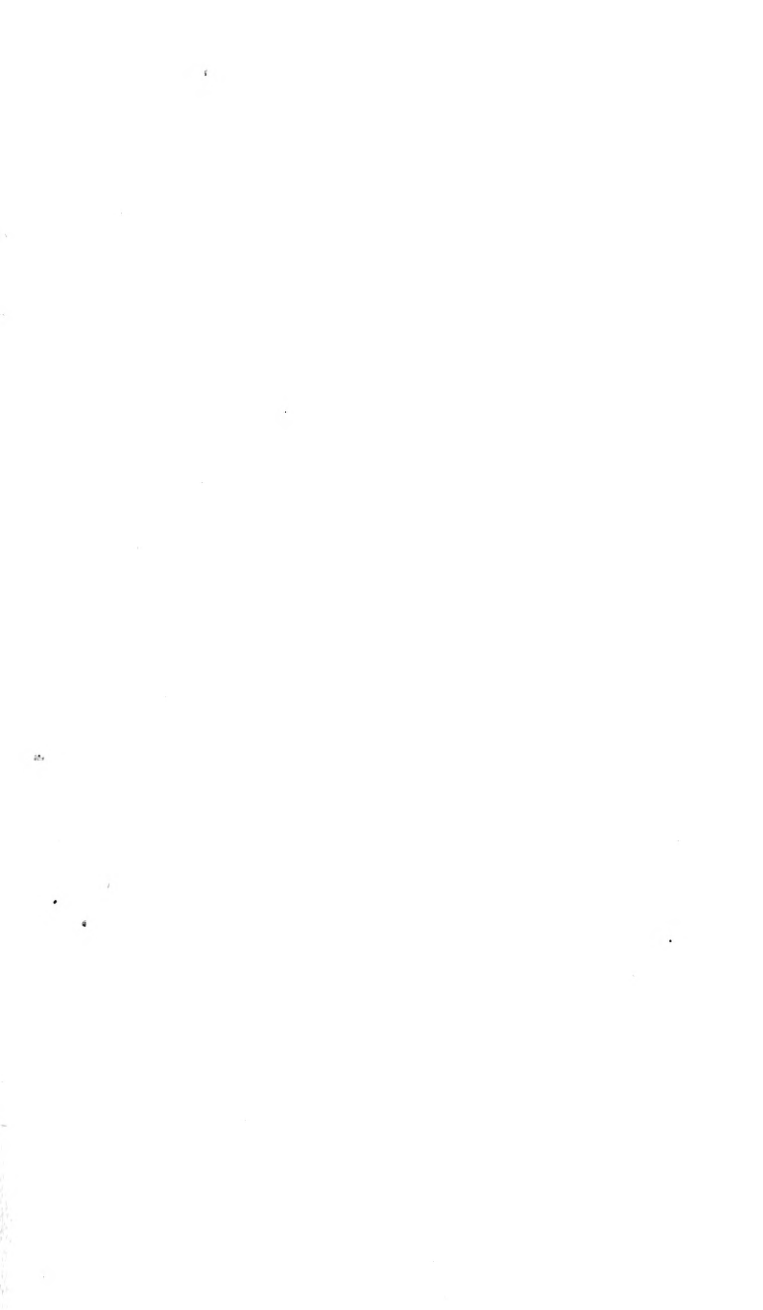
Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your hearts before him: God is a refuge for us.—Ps. lxii. 8.

Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God.—ISA. l. 10.

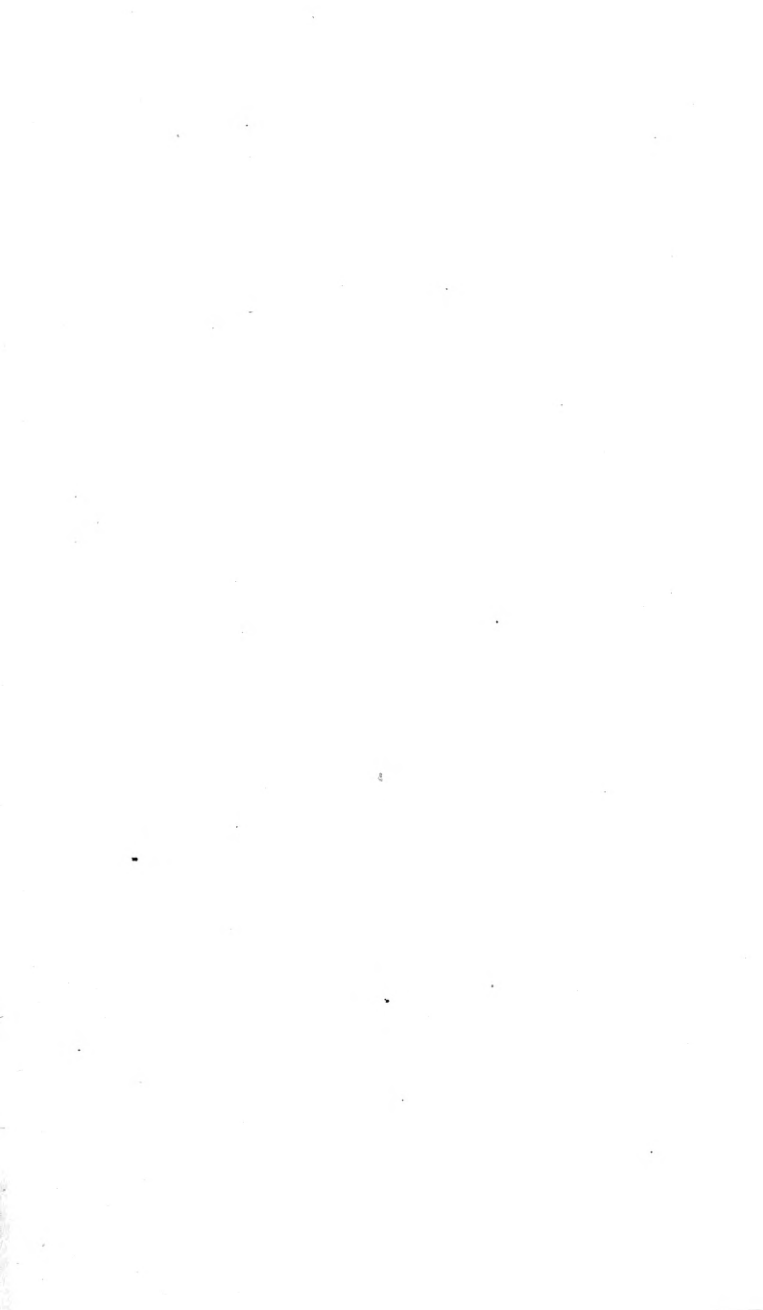
And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—MATT. xxviii. 18-20.















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